Come Madame, let vs haſte to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.
Say. My innocence my Lord ſhall pleade for me,
And therefore with your highneſſe leaue, Ile ſtay behind.
King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say:
Come Madam, let vs go. *Exit omnes*

Enter the Sord Skayles vpon the Tower walles walking.

L. Skayles. How now, is Iacke Cade ſlaine?
1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth aide of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the City from the Rebels.
Lord Ska. Such aide as I can ſpare, you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither will I ſend you Mathew Goffe:
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your liues,
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence againe.
Exit omnes.

Enter Iacke Cade, and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſword vpon London ſtone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this City,
And now ſitting vpon London ſtone, We command,
That the firſt yeare of our reigne,
The piſſing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now henceforward, it ſhall bee treaſon
For any that calles me any otherwiſe then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a ſouldier.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.
Cade. Zounds knocke him downe. *They kil him*
Dicke. My Lord,

Ther's

Ther's an Army gathered together into Smith
Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them,
But firſt go on and ſet London-bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come let's away.

Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is ſlaine, a
with him. Then enter Iacke Cade a
gaine and his company.

Cade. So ſirs, now go and pull downe the S
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with the
Dick. I haue a ſute vnto your Lordſhip.
Cade. Be it a Lordſhip Dicke, and thou ſha
For that word.
Dicke. That we may go burne all the Record
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vſed but the ſcore and Tally.
Cade. Dicke it ſhall be ſo, and henceforwar
be in common,
And in Cheapſide ſhall my palphrey go to graſ
Why iſt not a miſerable thing, that of the ski
Lambe parchment ſhould be made, & then with
ouer with inke, a man ſhould vndo himſelfe.
Some ſaies tis the bees that ſting, but I ſay t
I am ſure I neuer ſeal'd to any thing but once,
mine owne man ſince.
Nick. But when ſhall we take vp thoſe comm
Which you told vs of.
Cade. Marry he that will luſtily ſtand to it, ſh
commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle,
a ſmocke. *Enter George.*
Geor. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lor
Which ſold the Townes in France.
Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George,
Lord, What anſwer canſt thou make vnto my m
deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounſie
the Dolphin of France?